

SUPPLEMENT TO



HONOLULU, JUNE 1, 1878.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG
OR PARLIAMENT.

BY F. W. DAMON.

In the midst of the courtly festivities came an event of a rather different nature, but rendered all the more striking perhaps by its contrast to the former, namely, a speech from the German Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, in reference to the "Eastern Question." I think I had looked forward to this opportunity of hearing "the Great Prussian" with as much, if not more, anticipation than to any of the Court entertainments on the programme of the week. Bismarck is so unique a figure in the history of modern times, and is such a political Colossus that I should have felt to have seen Germany without seeing Bismarck, would have been like seeing the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. This was the occasion of the Chancellor's first appearance officially in Berlin, since his withdrawal on furlough to Varzin, hence every one was eager to hear him; an eagerness intensified by the importance of the subject of debate, in reference to which he was expected to say words, big with meaning and suggestion to all Europe at this critical time. Hence, long before the opening of the day's session the seats in the gallery reserved for spectators were filled. Armed with my ticket I threaded the intricacies of the building, in which the Reichstag holds its sittings on Leipzigerstrasse. Having made the fortunate mistake of coming an hour too early, I had ample time to study the faces of some of the members before Bismarck arrived. The "Hall of the Imperial Diet" is not especially imposing, having been constructed rapidly in 1871. The Assembly room is surrounded by galleries with ample accommodation for spectators. The seats of the members are arranged in semi-circular rows, facing the tribune; on

both sides of the President's seat are the seats of the Members of the "Bundesrath."

The different political parties, of which there are a number of shades in the "Diet," sit together in the House. Gradually the seats in the galleries are filled. People are studying plans of the House, to see where particular members are seated. Now and then a door on the floor opens and some member arrives; little knots gather about some desk; here some one is writing unhindered. What fine faces you see now and then, there is an easy, pleasant, contented look on perhaps the majority. One cannot but envy the Germans this quiet, unruffled manner; this almost childlike content and good-humor, which seems to characterize many of them; this flavor of brotherliness marking their meetings and conversation, and which is perfectly consistent, with earnest effort, stern resolve and vigorous perseverance. Almost before you are aware of it, the seats of the members are filled—few empty to-day. While we are waiting let us take a glance at a few of the faces below us. Carlyle says somewhere in his essays on "Heroes and Hero-worship," "One comfort is that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company." Hence it may be of interest to know a little something of the personality of some of the foremost men in German affairs. Of course Bismarck at present overshadows every one else, but as time goes by, it is seen that men are arising here in Germany of marked personality, and whose names are beginning to be widely known in connection with the "early Constitution-struggles" of the Empire. German parliamentarism is, it may be fairly said, still in its infancy, the first German Imperial Parliament, or "Deutscher Reichstag" having been opened by the Emperor on the 21st of March, 1871. Kaulbach in one of his grand mural paintings in the "Old Museum" of Berlin represents *Germania* as a superb, heroic female figure in armor, bear-

ing a book, thus symbolizing the military and the intellectual tendencies of the German people. The *Germania* of future artistic creations, however, must be represented with symbols fitted to suggest the power of statesmanship as well as arms or knowledge in the upbuilding of the Empire. But I have kept you too long from a few hasty sketches I had intended to make for you. For the personal facts in reference to a few of the German politicians I am indebted to a most interesting and ably-written book, by Mr. Herbert Tuttle, entitled "German Leaders." In one of the foremost seats you will notice a gentleman whom it is worth your while to carefully regard,

HERR RUDOLPH VON BENNIGSEN,

One of the most prominent men of the country. This is the best time to speak of him, for he will soon be on his feet, fronting Bismarck and then there will be other matters to claim our attention. So rapid and dramatic have been the changes in German affairs within the last twenty years that the world has scarcely had time to study the different forces and men at work behind the scenes. Bennigsen should now, in the quiet and repose which has followed; be assigned the position which he rightfully earned in the struggle for German unity. He was the founder of the "Deutsche National Verein," or German National Union, which held toward the struggle for German unity, the same relation as the "Concord minute-men" to the American revolution—it was the zealous and patriotic levy of hasty forces, which, with the introduction of order and method, gracefully accepted the duty of discipline and subordination to authorized leaders. It was an unofficial but not illegal association. While a timid King of Prussia refused to place himself at the head of the popular cause, and become the center of that unity for which the Fatherland was striving, the *National Verein*, a voluntary association of patriotic and liberal men, organized

public spirit and kept alive the hopes of the country. So long as there was no governmental control of the popular efforts, this *Verein* acted as leader; when the state assumed the lead, the *Verein* retired. When this *Verein* was dissolved in 1866, it numbered thirty thousand members. As a Hanoverian, Bennigsen endeavored to save his country from taking the steps which ultimately led to its overthrow. In 1870 and 1871 he was occupied with most important missions to the South German states and the camp at Versailles. He is a man of large resources and appears to good advantage on the floor. In 1873 he was selected as President of the Prussian House of Deputies, a position which he still occupies. He is a member of the "National Liberal" party which is "now the most powerful of all the parliamentary and political factions in Germany, and is practically, though not avowedly, the Government party." Though it is never wise to count too positively on a man's future, yet it would not be strange if Bennigsen's name should yet become still more prominent in German history, after the great presence of Bismarck has passed away. He is a gentleman between fifty and sixty years of age, with a quiet, courteous, polished bearing; a personal friend of Prince Bismarck, by whom he is heard with a marked but somewhat patronizing respect. Not far from Bennigsen sits a far different sort of man,

HERR WINDTHORST, HEAD OF THE ULTRAMONTANE FACTION.

It would seem as if the new Pope, Leo XIII, was desirous, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation between the Roman Catholic Church and the German Government. Certainly this would be a politic move on his part, and might in some degree soothe the bitterness of that conflict which Bismarck has waged against Ultramontanism in the Empire. Whatever turn affairs may take in the future, it will be impossible to obliterate the remembrance of past parliamentary battles in which the Chancellor has found Herr Windthorst such a keen and bitter antagonist, who for reasons which he best knows has espoused the cause of the Ultramontanes, in behalf of whom he uses his merciless sarcasm and invective. As you see his little form, his inert manner, you would find it difficult to imagine that so much fierce fire lay dormant within him. Whatever awe there may attach to the person of the Chancellor, this adroit, keen little man seems in no way intimidated by it. It must be a curious sight to watch Bismarck and his opponent in a passage at arms, the one of such tremendous physique, the other so diminutive—one "dealing giant blows," the other thrusting with a "French rapier." Here is a sharply drawn "study" of the ex-Minister of State of Hanover. It is by Max Ring, evidently no lover of the "subject" which he is sketching, and must hence be taken with some caution: "If we turn now toward the Centre, our attention is immediately drawn to one of the most interesting and best known characters of the Reichstag. Directly opposite the President's chair, in the front row, buried in thought, sits a plump little man with bald head, shortsighted, eyes half hid under the arched

brows and a peculiar protuberant upper lip, so that, as the phrase goes, his beauty cannot oppress him. But even here the French proverb prevails: 'C'est sa laideur qui fait sa beauté'—it is his ugliness which makes his beauty—for a certain spiritual expression lends a singular charm to a physiognomy so little marked by beauty, especially when in the course of debate the apparently composed, but really active, face becomes animated. Then the little brown eyes sparkle, the lifeless lines expand, and an ironical, mocking smile plays along the overhanging lip. Suddenly he interrupts the Speaker and shouts a sarcastic remark into the assembly, which commonly causes merriment, but sometimes angry murmurs." And here from another: "The Hanoverian leader is not a man to whom nature supplies the conditions of a positive faith; he is 'der geist der stets verneint,' or the spirit of negation. Windthorst is perhaps the model Philistine of German politics. Like a soldier of fortune, he roams over the whole world of politics, and grapples with the foe wherever, and whenever he meets him." But not to weary you with the personal descriptions, let me pass quickly to one more gentleman in one of the front rows of the House, and then it will be time for the opening of the debate. One of the most interesting characters to me among the parliamentary leaders of Germany is that of

EDWARD LASKER.

Lasker represents a type of man and statesman more frequently met with, perhaps, in the New World than the Old; a man of the people; one who with no aristocratic lineage to help him upwards has by his steady effort, his fearlessness, his undoubted genius, and ability made for himself a conspicuous place in German public life. He is a Jew, and an adherent to the faith of his fathers. He was originally a barrister; passed several years of his early professional life in England, and then returned to Berlin and for twelve years "filled the humble, unsalaried post of assessor at the Berlin Municipal Court, and retired after the experience that there was no opening in the judiciary for him." But since entering political life, he has steadily moved his way upwards, so that Mr. Tuttle speaks eloquently of him, "as a legislator of splendid and sustained abilities,—the example of a patriot who is a statesman from a sense of duty, of a citizen above reproach;—the first of German debaters." Of him further we read, "Higginson has said that an essay of Emerson is like a string of pearls, because the sentences may be told off, one by one, each complete in itself. The same description may be applied to the articulation of Lasker. The words drop from his tongue, clear and sharp, like the ticking of a rapid pendulum; and he has a habit of accumulating speed as he moves through a sentence till the end, when he lets his voice drop plumply on the last word, and begins again. It is somewhat mechanical, and even monotonous, but very effective in debate. His fluency is of that perfect kind, which is not simply command of words, but which never wants for sentences or thoughts. His speeches sound like perpetual perorations. One expects that each sentence is the culmination." Lasker has

been a vigorous assailant of fraud and swindles, and has brought to light some things, the discovery of which was far from pleasant for the perpetrators of the same. He is the most undaunted kind of a man, cringing before no position however high, and pushing his searching investigations into the charmed circle of nobility. He is the natural and accepted leader of the National Liberals.

I could mention many more names; but for this time these few representative men must suffice. There are many and various elements in the Diet, and a wise and judicious management will be necessary in the future in guiding the ship of state through troubled seas. I notice with pleasure that the seats occupied by that most dangerous and combustible element, calling itself "Social Democracy," are few in number, and I trust this will continue to be the case. Certain recent public demonstrations of this unruly element in Berlin suggest, however, the thought that it may yet prove rather a difficult thing to handle. But I must hasten in closing, to speak of the foremost figure in German Statesmanship and Diplomacy,

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK, THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

There is a remark of Burke's to this effect: "Great men are the guide-posts and land-marks of the State." Perhaps no man of our day is more entitled to be numbered in such a list than Bismarck, whose slightest words emanating from his home in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, or from his resting place in the country, Varzin, are regarded as deep oracular utterances by the civilized world. It would be interesting to speak here somewhat at length of this remarkable man, but my limits will scarcely permit of this. Undoubtedly there have been many things in Bismarck's career which are open to criticism, if not censure, and which his future biographers will display in their most truthful light, when, in coming years, they shall write of him, seeing him with clearer vision than is now possible, so surrounded is he, by that indefinable but real defense of greatness and success and power. Yet living here in the midst of a people, over whom he rules with a sway which is second only to that of their Imperial head, and feeling the reality and power of his tremendous individuality, it is impossible not to feel something, yes, very much, of "hero-worship" springing up in one's estimate of him, and I do not deny that I am somewhat addicted to this. I shall count among my "red letter days" that in which I saw and heard him and felt that pardonable and natural thrill and pleasure at being near one who had by force of will, superior genius, and untiring effort won his way to the uplands of success and renown. Bismarck owes much to circumstances, but he has had the rare ability to make them suit his own ends—he has been their king and not their slave. He is of old and aristocratic family. He is the personal and valued friend of one of the first military sovereigns of Europe, and has had the good fortune to live, it is true, in stormy times, but in times so full of magnificent possibilities that he who could grasp them must of necessity become great. This he has

done, so that, waves which would have engulfed some men, have been the billows which have borne him upward and onward. He was born in 1815, and passed a quiet youth, going in 1832 to the University of Göttingen, where he became "a species of college champion—the best boxer and fencer, drinker and rider. Of his studies it is enough to say that one professor declares he never saw him at his lectures;" a statement of which Prince Bismarck cannot now be especially proud. Very interesting in connection with his University life is a letter of his, recently published, in which he speaks of some Americans, fellow-students with him at Göttingen, in 1832, "John Lothrop Motley, Mitchell C. King, and Amory Coffin." The years following his University life present numerous but not especially marked features. He attended some lectures in Berlin; entered on the profession of a German advocate; spent several years quietly on the family estates in Pomerania. In 1847 he was elected to the United Diet. In this same year he was married to a lady who is still living, the Princess Bismarck. They have two sons and a daughter, one of the most interesting ladies in appearance in the Court society of Berlin. The death of her betrothed, some years since, was a sacrifice to her. It is interesting, in connection with the lives of great men, to think that so many of them when they leave the arena of public strife and party feud undergo a most pleasing metamorphosis, and Bismarck, in many respects, is a happy illustration of this rule. His palace-home on the Wilhelmstrasse is well known for its generous hospitality, and those who are so happy as to meet the great statesman when he drops the perplexing and intricate questions of statecraft, find him the most genial and agreeable of hosts. In this connection, it may be of interest to some to read this extract from a letter written a number of years ago to his wife, and which has in some way come before the public. It is pleasant to see that the man who coins such ringing, epigrammatic phrases as the following, "The battles of this generation are to be fought out with iron and blood!" is capable also of saying far different things: "The day before yesterday I went to Weisbaden and looked with a mixture of sadness and premature wisdom at the scenes of my former follies. If only it would please God to fill up with clear, strong wine the vessel in which at twenty-one the muddy champagne of youth frothed up to so little purpose! * * How many of those with whom I feasted and drank and gambled are now under ground! What changes my views of life have undergone in the fourteen years that have elapsed since that time, each in its turn seeming to me the correct one; how much that I then thought great, now appears small; how much now seems honorable which I then despised! How much fresh foliage may still grow out of our inner man, giving shade, rustling in the wind, becoming worthless and faded, before another fourteen years are passed; before 1865, if only we live so long! I cannot imagine how a man who thinks at all about himself, and yet refuses to hear anything about God, can endure life without weariness and abhorrence."

Bismarck began early to take an interest

in the public questions of the day in Prussia. He served as Ambassador both in St. Petersburg and Paris, and in 1862 became Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the service of the present Emperor of Germany, then King of Prussia. The many and exciting phases of public life in which Bismarck has since figured are too well known to need repetition. Their merits or demerits we have no time to discuss here, and opinions vary widely in reference to the same. In 1864 came the Danish war, in 1866 the brief but wonderfully decisive conflict with Austria, ending at Sadowa, and in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war. Looking back after a repose of seven years, it must seem almost incredible to Germany that so much could have been accomplished in so brief a time. Surely it was a severe and testing school for a Premier to pass through, entering it amid murmurs of dissent and disapprobation and emerging from it crowned as victor! "The crowning event of his life, the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles, on the 18th day of January, 1871, wanted no element of picturesque effect, of historical solemnity, or of political significance. The preliminary treaty of peace was ratified by the French Assembly on the 1st of March. On the 21st of the same month Count von Bismarck became Prince von Bismarck and Chancellor of the German Empire." The subsequent events in the Chancellor's life are still a subject for newspaper leaders, a province which it is never safe to invade. His health is far from good, and of late he has been enjoying the quiet and repose of his country home at Varzin. There is much talk at present of the appointment of a new incumbent to the Chancellorship, but every one knows that so long as Bismarck lives, any man occupying that position will be but a reflection of the light proceeding from Wilhelmstrasse or Varzin. Of course the Chancellor's life is eminently suggestive in lessons to others who are to come after him. But in no one respect is it more admirable than in its brave, tireless industry, and patient endeavor, which finds its truest eulogy in these lines of Longfellow:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

But while we are occupying ourselves in this biographical conversation, we are running some danger of losing interesting scenes which are beginning to take place in the Assembly. The ringing of a bell has brought in tardy members; the seats are filled; the president, Herr von Forckenbeck, I think, has just called the House to order and the necessary opening routine work has begun. Presently I notice a stalwart figure, broad-breasted, splendid and imposing in its stern simplicity, coming from a side entrance, past the Tribune towards the first seat assigned for the members of the Bundesrath, or Federal Council. There is no mistaking this almost Herculean physique, the strong head, the earnest, decided presence of the man. How familiar the face must be to you now, crowned with scanty hair and its contour broken only by a fierce, military mustache. This face is seen so often here in Germany in connection with that of the

Emperor and Crown Prince in paintings, engravings, and photographs that you recognize it in an instant. Bismarck passes down to his place with a pleasant nod and smile here and there. His seat is next that of Herr von Bulow, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He has a porte-folio before him filled with many papers, and he occupies himself busily and thoughtfully. At length Herr von Bunnigsen leaves his place and takes his stand on the steps of the Tribune facing Bismarck. It is in response to his interpellation that Bismarck is here today to give utterance to the policy of the German Government in reference to the Eastern question. Von Bunnigsen speaks at length and when he resumed his seat Bismarck rises. We have a fine opportunity of seeing him. He is most simply dressed; a dark-blue military suit with collar of an orange color, and a bit of ribbon at one side, I think, sign of the "Iron Cross." Bismarck has said of himself, "I am no orator,

* * I am not capable of working upon your feelings or obscuring facts with a play of words. My speech is simple and clear." Some one has given this description, "There is no charm of speech, no fullness of expression in him, nothing to carry away the hearer. His voice, though clear and intelligible, is dry and unattractive, and its tone is monotonous. He interrupts himself; comes to a stand-still, and sometimes almost stammers, as if his refractory tongue refused obedience and he had to struggle painfully for the right way of expressing his thoughts; his restless movements backwards and forwards do not at all add to the impression produced by his words, but the longer he speaks, the more he overcomes all difficulties; he succeeds in fitting his words to his thoughts in the closest manner and ends by throwing out powerful invectives, which, as we know, are often too powerful." This in the main gives a just picture of Bismarck as I heard him. Though I should be far from calling his voice "dry and unattractive," there was a quality in it which struck me as being agreeable. He spoke most quietly and was listened to with marked attention. It was a most interesting sight. The President at his desk, the members in their seats, about the Tribune and to one side a number of gentlemen clustered in attentive groups, the dark dress of the civilians being lit up by the uniforms of some of the military present; the galleries, one mass of eager, listening faces, and most prominent of all the grand figure of the leading statesman of the nineteenth century. Bismarck is far from well; during his speech he asked the permission of the House to resume his seat and thus continue speaking. There was no display of energy or action, such as must be evident when Windthorst thrusts at the grey old giant and stirs him up to white heat. From time to time he draws the attention of the House to maps in reference to the vexed and debatable land lying about the Bosphorus and further north. Of course now the speech is an old story, and has been commented upon and criticised by the press of the world. You will, perhaps, remember that it was in reference to the attitude of Germany at the present juncture of European affairs. How that the Chancellor declared, in substance, that "it was not for

Germany's interest to sacrifice the friendship of either Russia or Austria, and he saw no reason to fear that the peace of Europe would be disturbed. The interests of Germany at present were not threatened, and unless they were, he could not counsel the Emperor to undertake any armed interference in the settlement of the Eastern question." I shall always regard it as a pleasure and a privilege to have seen and heard Bismarck. You will, I trust, pardon the length at which I have written on this subject, but I felt any sketches which I might send from Germany would be singularly defective did they not contain a notice of the most prominent man of Germany in our day.

HAWAIIAN LEGATION,
BERLIN, Mar. 23 1878. }

[From the P. C. Advertiser Supplement, May 25]

THE HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA,
April 29th, 1878. }

To the Editor of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser :

In the New York Times of April 18th, is an article written by Charles L. Brace, a man who has, probably, done more real humanitarian work in New York City than any man living. After revisiting the "Hampton Normal School," he says, "of all institutions for education and practical Philanthropy, whether in the north or in the south, there is none, in the judgment of your correspondent, more wise and thorough and far reaching in influence than the Freedman's Agricultural College at Hampton, Virginia. Armstrong has struck on an idea so practical and well considered, and has carried it out with so much wisdom, that his institution deserves to rank, with the great benefactions of the country." He then discusses the matters at length. Now "writing up" one's relatives is not quite the right thing to do. But I do not address strangers, and my motive will not be misconstrued.

The Hawaiians should claim some interest in this Institution. For its Principal, out of his experiences and associations, and education at the Hawaiian Islands comes that idea, which Mr. Brace thinks so valuable. The Principal is free to say that in that Hawaiian experience, he detected mistakes and errors in the "missionary" system, and by avoiding these mistakes he has built up a system of education which seems at present to be universally commended by those who are best competent to judge. He does not, for a moment fail to appreciate the missionary work at the Islands. That work has been most valuable in developing facts. Emerson says: "our successes are founded on our failures." The maxim bears on Christian as well as secular work. No small factor in working out the problem here, is the presence of the one man power. There is no divided rule. There are many Trustees, but they take no responsibility. The guillotine is always at work. The basket is full. No influence can keep an incompetent teacher in place, or retain an incapable student. Charity is not a part of the system. It is now an open secret, that the educational institutions of New England have greatly suffered from abuses in the name of religion and charity. Professors have been retained who were no longer useful. Students kept whose presence in every way did harm. The system here is radical in that respect. A colored boy may heroically work his way from Texas to Hampton, and he may have a sad story of self denial, in his effort for self education. But if he has not the mental capacity sufficient for the work to be done hereafter, he cannot stay. Some say this is hard, almost cruel. But this Normal School is for the education of teachers. The holding of a certificate of graduation from it, is now throughout the South, a

guarantee of the holder's fitness to be a teacher. Each year the standard is raised. At present I will not discuss the matter, but hope to do so speedily, as I am sure, that the white residents of the Hawaiian Islands must be deeply interested in the whole subject.

Recently, there has been a new departure, in adding Indians to the student classes. Some three years ago, the United States Government seized, as hostages, seventy of the most desperate and treacherous Indian warriors on the plains. Instead of confining them on the frontier they were taken to Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida, where they were completely cut off from old associations, and were secure against rescue or escape. At first, they were kept in irons, once they attempted insurrection, but failed. The government kept them simply as prisoners of war. Capt. Pratt, who had charge of them is a humanitarian, and personally taught many of them to read and write. Recently the War Department ordered the hostages back to their tribes on the plains. Capt. Pratt asked if any wished to stay and be educated. Fifteen said they did. People interested in the Indians generally, subscribed money for their education. The entire number of hostages living, numbering sixty, were brought from St. Augustine directly to the wharf of the Normal School. At two, in the morning I watched them disembark and encamp on the grounds. The old warriors were a wicked looking lot. But now they are tame, and need no guard. In the morning they were taken over the farm, through the great barn, and into the school rooms. This was done in order that those who returned home might report the condition of those who remained. In the afternoon the colored students assembled in the chapel, and the sixty red men faced them on the platform. The colored students sung jubilee songs, and the Indians gave, in return, a war song. Those who delight in contrasts could meditate on the strange scene. From the Chapel windows you could see Big Bethel, where Winthrop fell. Looking seaward you could see the spot where Morris fought the Cumberland till the water quenched the fire of her guns, after the Merrimac struck her; and beyond Fortress Monroe and old Point Comfort, where Captain John Smith and his crew first landed after a stormy Atlantic voyage; to the eastward, and within a stone's throw, the National Cemetery, with its five thousand graves and the graceful simple shaft of granite rising from the centre. Within the Chapel were two races—the red race, driven from the soil by the Anglo-Saxon, and the black race, forced to work the soil by the same Anglo-Saxon. And now the same dominant Anglo-Saxon, in goodness and charity, with better civilization and Christianity, has founded an institution whose influence should redeem the error of the past. This is the spot where the early English settlers of Virginia began to swindle the Indians. It is also the spot where the cargoes of slaves touched, in the early days, on the way up the James River to the plantations. The mills of God grind slowly. After two hundred and fifty years, reparation to two races commences on the spot where the wrong was first done. The Indians who remain here do so from choice. They are free to go. They give up the wild life of the plains for industrial education. The day after this meeting in the Chapel the Indians who refused to stay started for the plains and mountains. It is more than probable that in a few months they will be again fighting the whites. It is the logic of our Indian policy.

Hampton Normal School.

We read with much interest the foregoing letter of W. N. Armstrong, Esq., respecting the labors of his brother General Armstrong, President of the Hampton Normal School. It is a most interesting fact, that two sons of Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of our Islands, whose

life-work was among Hawaiians, should have become so deeply interested in the education of the Freedman and the establishment of the Hampton Normal School. Hawaii may claim the honor also of furnishing other efficient helpers in that Institution. We refer to J. F. B. Marshall, Esq., and wife, both of whom spent many years on these Islands, and gathered a rich fund of experience, to fit them for an important work among the Freedmen.

In a private letter recently received from our Berlin correspondent, we find an allusion to the "Jubilee" Singers who are now in Europe, giving concerts for the endowment of the Freedmen's College at Nashville, Tennessee. He met two of them at an entertainment in Berlin. He writes as follows under date of April 14th :

"It would be hardly fair to omit mentioning two of the colored "Jubilee" singers, a gentleman and his wife, who added not a little to the cosmopolitan character of the gathering. These colored singers, you know, are from Nashville, Tennessee, and are singing in behalf of the Freedmen's College there. They have been wonderfully well received in Europe, and have already sent home one hundred and eighty thousand dollars as the fruits of their labors here. They have preserved their simplicity of manners remarkably, notwithstanding all the attention they have received. They sing with a wonderful earnestness and this "concert-life," is to them a real mission-work. I wish General Armstrong's singers from Hampton could come and be equally successful."

We also find the following notice in an English paper :

THE JUBILEE SINGERS IN GERMANY.—The Jubilee Singers have recently gone to Germany to continue the work they have for the last six years been so successfully doing in the United States, Great Britain, and Holland, in the interests of the education of their race at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. Within a few days of their arrival at Berlin, they had the honor of appearing before the Imperial family of Germany under circumstances of peculiar interest. They were invited by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to sing some of their slave songs at the New Palace, Potsdam, on Sunday afternoon, November 4th; and on presenting themselves at the appointed hour they found, to their joy, that they stood in the presence of the Emperor of Germany, as well as in the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess, with their children gathered around them. Thus three generations stood together in the home circle, listening to this little company of emancipated slaves from the United States, as they sang the songs of the days of their bondage. And never did their strange, touching songs produce a deeper impression, or call forth heartier expressions of sympathy for the interest in the work they are laboring to do for their race in America and Africa. The Emperor made many inquiries of the President of the University respecting the Singers, and their personal history, and the work they had accomplished, while the Crown Prince and Crown Princess conversed freely with the singers, making inquiries, and expressing great delight in the singing. It was especially gratifying to learn from the Crown Princess that, four years ago, when the Jubilee Singers had the honor of singing before her Royal Mother, the Queen of England, she had received a long letter, speaking of the singers and their mission. The Crown Princess said, "These songs, as you sing them, go to the heart; they go through and through one."